THE LIBRARY OF ... COLLEGE, ... OHIO

The Commonweal

November 25, 1949

Big Steel, Little Town

James O'Gara

A Note from California

John A. Lynch

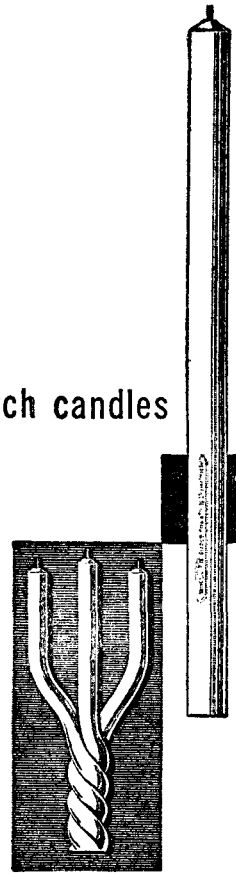
The Thinker and the Tough Guy

Norbert Muhlen

VOLUME LI 15c NUMBER 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church candles of every variety...



MACK-MILLER
candles of character

Day after day, year after year...
for half a century, our candle craftsmen
have produced ecclesiastical candles for every church use
and occasion. Today, as in all the yesterdays,
quality is our first consideration.

MACK-MILLER CANDLE CO., INC.
Syracuse 1, New York
New York • Chicago • Boston

11/25/49

CITY

STREET

NAME

Enclosed is $1. Send the next 12 issues including the Christmas Book Number to:

For New Subscribers

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Next Week—

Christmas Book Number

As a guide to Christmas giving, the Editors will present a generously annotated critical list of interesting books of the season. Leo J. Trese will discuss at length Margaret Mead's "Male and Female." Reviewers will include Serge Hughes, James J. Wey, Florence Codman, Carol H. Weiss and others.

SEND COUPON OR REASONABLE FACSIMILE FOR TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

Published weekly and copyrighted, 1949, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign, $8. Single copies, 15c. Printed in U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Divorce and the Catholic Jurist

MORE and more of late, old Catholic principles and doctrines long buried in seminary texts have been breaking into the news. It is always good when hidden truths are released from their academic prison, but it is unfortunate that millions of headline-reading Americans must get what little theology they have in haphazard pieces. A colorful incident like the Feeney affair in Boston or a newsworthy statement like the Pope's recent address to the Italian jurists hits the front page; immediately an appropriate chapter is ripped from the summa of Catholic teaching and left to stand in bewildering isolation for a confused public to ponder. What may give final meaning and real splendor to a whole pattern of Christian thought when it is seen in context, becomes brutally misleading and even heretical torn from the pattern. Then it may even seem to be formless, grotesque or meaningless, like an isolated jig-saw piece found under a chair.

The naked statement, "Outside the Church there is no salvation," interpreted to mean the exclusion of all non-Catholics from God's love, is heretical; in context, it gives the final mystical meaning to the Church in the world and, in a mysterious way, opens up the possibility of salvation to all men. But the untutored newspaper-reader who gets his theology from the headlines might easily have been completely confused and even mildly amused during the whole turbulent Boston affair, rather like the innocent literature student who wanders into an empty lab and finds nothing but a random formula on the blackboard to give meaning to nuclear physics.

In his recent address to the Italian jurists, Pope Pius XII, who never speaks thoughtlessly and rarely if ever voices a moral principle or a religious dogma that is not found in any standard theological manual, made a few telling points on the duties of judges and lawyers and on law itself. None of the Pope's four points was new and all hinged on an old Catholic concept—the dignity of man and the moral responsibility of the human person.

Essentially the Holy Father's address boiled down to the idea that a man can never divorce himself from his own deeds; a judge may not serve *any* law, just or unjust, or the maker of *any* law, just or unjust, as if he were a mindless puppet on a string. Even the jurist, who above all men serves the law, must first serve God and his own conscience. No man, least of all a judge, may turn himself into a blindly obedient, dehumanized tool of a state, a dictator or a morally irresponsible political force. The man who sent Joan of Arc to the stake, the so-called judges who consigned six million European Jews to the gas chambers or to slow starvation, Pilate himself, who symbolically washed his hands of personal responsibility—all come easily to mind. And the Pope's address was not without poignant political significance for beleaguered Europe today.

BUT it was the question of civil divorce and the somewhat ambiguous position of Catholic judges—a minor corollary of the Holy Father's thesis—which won headline attention in this country. At least up to the present time, the Church in this country (applying the moral principle technically known as "double effect") has generally permitted Catholic jurists to serve the divorce laws of the nation. The time may come when it is generally taught that the now tolerated social evil of divorce is too great to justify any further cooperation with the laws by Catholic jurists. Then these Catholics will simply have to sacrifice themselves and their public careers to their higher duty. But this carries with it no threat to the liberty of other Americans.

Those who fear that the time has come, or ever will come, when Catholic judges will have the sanction of the Church in *pretending* to serve the law in their official capacity while they conscientiously betray it, simply don't understand the stern, unselective demands of Catholic moral theology. The Catholic judge who would betray the oath he freely took, act out the lie every day on his bench and give willing external approval to the law which he secretly and hypocritically subverts in his own court-room—such a man would not only betray the law, he would betray himself and the very moral principles he professed to serve.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 203

Big Steel, Little Town
by James O'Gara 206

A Note from California
by John A. Lynch 208

The Labor Movement
by John C. Cort 211

The Stage
by Kappo Phelan 212

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 213

Of Note 214

Catholic International News 215

The Thinker and the Tough Guy
by Norbert Muhlen 216

Books 218

Editor: Edward S. Skillin
Contributing Editor: Philip Burnham
Managing Editor: Edward F. Meagher
Feature Editor: John Cogley
Assistant Editor: William Pfaff

Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith
Theatre: Kappo Phelan *Cinema*: Philip T. Hartung

Advertising Manager: John Brubaker

• NEXT WEEK •

"To the average man or woman . . . reading *Male and Female* is apt to have an effect analogous to seeing the motor of one's car for the first time disassembled on a garage floor," says LEO J. TRESE in "Neuter Would be Better."

Also in the same issue an ample coverage of the season's books for the harassed Christmas shopper, and the first of the Commonweal Statements.

Lend Lease for India

A HITCH HAS arisen in the plans for sending a million bushels of surplus American wheat to India in exchange for eighty million dollars worth of mica and manganese. It is not that India does not need the wheat nor that the United States cannot use the strategic raw materials. Instead it is the increasingly familiar story of foreign exchange difficulties.

India has been counting on the large sterling balances she built up during the war to secure imports from Great Britain and finance her important development projects. But part of Britain's current economic program is to scale down such sterling balances and to use her exports to obtain dollar credits. India, therefore, can count less and less on her sterling balances to bring her the desired machinery and other British goods.

Because she has to depend rather on her own exports to obtain things from abroad, India no longer wants to exchange her manganese for American wheat. Dr. John Matthai, Finance Minister, has asked that we send out the required wheat on a wartime "lend-lease" basis instead. For India has to sell, rather than barter, the mica and manganese, which she had been planning to send us in exchange for the wheat, in order to build up the wherewithal to pay for imports.

Here is a situation which calls for vision on the part of Washington. Our wheat surplus is of staggering proportions. A million extra bushels crammed into storage bins and grain elevators in the Dakotas are not going to be of use to anybody; sent to India on a lend-lease basis, this wheat will provide human sustenance on a large scale, hold in check grain prices that tend to be inflationary and keep food in supply until the harvesting of India's next crop, which promises to be a very good one.

It is to the vital interest of the United States to have a friendly India, strong and prosperous, in the Far East, to relieve the pressure on subsistence which Communist agitators exploit, and to make a dent in the suspicion of foreigners which thus far impedes the investment of life-giving Point Four capital in newly-independent India. These are a few of the reasons for acceding readily to Dr. Matthai's request.

As in a Mirror Darkly

THE SOVIET UNION's proposal for a Big Five non-aggression pact, which would condemn the United States and Britain as war mongers and prohibit atomic weapons on Soviet terms, has been replied to by the West.

Warren Austin's answer to the "flash and thun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der" numbered the occasions of Soviet national duplicity and defended the Atlantic Pact and the Mutual Assistance Act as collective efforts to strengthen the structure of peace. He met polemics at the polemical level, with the positiveness of truth.

The twelve points of the American and British counter resolution on the "essentials of peace" included these principles in essential opposition to current Russian policy: to refrain from impairing the integrity of any other state, to give full cooperation to all the organs of the UN, to guarantee human rights, to remove barriers to the exchange of information, to use restraint in the exercise of the Security Council veto, to exercise "national sovereignty jointly with other nations" for the international control of atomic energy.

Jean Chauvel, for France, said that the Russian statement was plainly propaganda. If Russia sincerely wished for a peace agreement, he said, she would not need new proposals, new instruments. "I must also say that the will for peace is not enough if one really wants it. There must also be a will to accept the conditions of that peace, the duties and obligations which it implies . . . ."

This exchange, as did those preceding it, made Russia's bad faith just that much more clearly seen.

At the same time, in the Special Political Committee, the largest majority ever achieved, forty-eight nations, voted in support of the majority plan for atomic controls. The Soviet Union and four satellites voted against it.

Issues are drawn more precisely, nations and their policies are seen more plainly. It has been said that the United Nations is a mirror of our world. That it can be a mirror to the world is important. A mirror of comprehensible proportions in a time of great scenes, wide perspectives, and smog.

The Revival of Germany

SHOULD WE dismantle German factories? When that question was asked immediately after the war, the answer was such an emphatic Yes that the Allies made a list of 1,975 plants to be torn down, and for a time even the Morgenthau Plan to turn Germany into farms and pastures was taken seriously.

A few days ago, at the Paris conference of Foreign Ministers, the answer to the same question about dismantling was a turnabout No. All told, we will have torn down not quite 800 plants by the end of the year, and there the program will probably end.

The decision to ease dismantling is the only logical way to meet the changed circumstances in Germany. Our policy now is to see that Western Germany is economically and politically strong and, consequently, to dismantle more factories would simply be defeating that policy. Only a productive Western Germany can win, against Russia's East Germany, the contest to control and unify Germany.

But a productive Germany resurrects, with all the old risks and fears, the "German problem." The French now fear that German production will beat them out of European markets; they therefore hesitate to integrate their economy, with that of Germany, into the proposed European economic union, unless the British are in on the integration also. Britain, however, feels it is impossible to tie her currency, dependent as it is on sterling-bloc and Commonwealth trade, to such a Continental plan. Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Acheson, speaking for the United States, say plainly that unless the Europeans integrate, the whole European Recovery Program will bog down at the half-way point. Mr. Hoffman's objective is to convince the Europeans that they should look on Europe as a single manufacturing unit and buying market, rather than as a group of autonomous units. The Ruhr, for example, must be internationalized to produce steel for all Europe, as Pittsburgh or Gary produces for the United States.

This, then, is economically the German and European problem of the moment, and it is only to be expected that Britain, France and the United States should not be able to solve it overnight. Centuries of tariff, customs, trade and currency practices must be modified before European union is a reality, but as a policy, as an objective, it is the only possible way to tie German production and German political ambition into a livable Continental pattern.

Ironically, it is really the Russian challenge which is forcing the West to do what it has never successfully done—harmonize the relations of Germany to the world. The new policy taking shape will affect every country: if, for instance, we build up German production, what will the United States do about eventual German competition for our present European markets? The answer, which we must find, is much more than an economic answer: working Germany into a European community is also a political ideal, a Western vision of the ascendancy of political democracy over both German chauvinism and Russian totalitarianism.

We have now a policy to meet both these evils. Part of that policy means stopping the dismantling of German factories. So again, we restore to Germany her power someday to crush us, by herself or in alliance with Russia. It is a game full of perils, but there is only this one way for Britain, France and the United States to play it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big Steel, Little Town

The recent steel settlement has not settled everything.

James O'Gara

MUCH of the area immediately south of Chicago looks like a plot by the Christian anti-industrialists to win friends and influence people. Smokestacks, rather than steeples, dominate this land.

When industry is going full blast, a haze of smoke and soot usually obscures the sun. The locomotives which pull long trains of tank and freight cars in and out of the district are pygmied beside towering structures of bizarre shapes and sizes, whose very purpose is obscure to the layman. Normally the casual observer cannot even see the men who serve the giant machines or who labor near the blast furnaces. This lack of anything recognizably human in the scene provides an added air of unreality.

By night, however, much of the drabness of industrialism is concealed, and one travels through a land still mysterious but no longer ugly. For the steel towns on the fringes of Chicago, every night is the Fourth of July. The sky glows red as it reflects the flames of the giant furnaces and the white heat of molten steel. Giant torches blaze high into the night sky, and showers of sparks erupt into the darkness as the hot steel is poured.

Silhouetted against this display of industrial fireworks, some of the odd structures which seemed so obscure in purpose by day take on that austere sort of beauty possible only to the starkly functional. The trip which was an act of penance by day can by night become an unforgettable expedition.

★

BY day or by night, however, the basic problems posed by such concentrations of industrial wealth and power remain the same, and they go far deeper than any question of appearances. The terrible faceless character of anonymity remains dominant, and the tremendous, often irresponsible power vested in mass accumulation of capital goes on unchecked.

The fact that both capital and labor are social as well as individual in nature is accepted and acted upon with a strange sort of selectivity today. Thus the social consequences involved when John L. Lewis leads his miners out on a coal strike are impressed on their readers by the nation's newspapers, and generally these truths are indignantly recognized by the public. As a result of this ready acceptance, the problem where workers are involved does not lie primarily in getting most people to see labor's social implications. Rather the problem is one of keeping the means for regulating this social aspect for the common good within just and prudent bounds.

Part of the difficulty in applying a perfectly valid principle of social responsibility arises because we have been slow to come to grips with the fact that this "Social" angle works two ways. No responsible and just method of controlling the social aspect of labor seems possible when the social nature of such accumulations of capital and power as United States Steel remains largely ignored and its implications unexplored. People have become very conscious of the power vested in men like Lewis; they forget that in many areas in the U.S. one can still work and eat only with the permission of some corporate industrial giant.

★

GARY, Indiana, is a good example of how real this power is. Local boosters proudly hail the fact that the Chicago area this year has produced more steel than any other place in the world. Located thirty miles south of Chicago across the state border of Indiana, Gary is one of the reasons this claim can be made.

Gary is a steel town. When you have said that, you have just about covered the ground. In Gary there are, of course, families, homes, clubs, other business enterprises. But Gary is essentially a one-industry town. The population of the city runs around 135,000. Out of this total population, about 35,000 work for wages. Almost five out of six of these wage-earners work for steel.

Gary has a monthly payroll of over ten million dollars. Steel pays most of it, with U.S. Steel subsidiaries like Carnegie-Illinois out-distancing all the rest. More than two out of three workers

---

James O'Gara is the former editor of TODAY, *Catholic Student Magazine. At the present time he is doing graduate work in sociology at Loyola University, Chicago.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Gary work for one of the U.S. Steel subsidiaries. Without steel in general and Big Steel in particular, Gary would be a ghost town.

The steel strike did not succeed in making Gary a ghost town. But the strike did show to a frightening degree how real that threat is to Gary and any town like it. People go along from day to day, and from month to month. They work for wages; they pay their bills; they make a down payment on a car. All the time they have a completely false sense that all is well. Then a depression or a strike comes along, and the bottom falls out of their world.

That is just what happened in Gary. The most obvious result of the steel strike there was to illustrate vividly the almost complete dependence of the average worker on weekly wages. He has little in the way of emergency funds, and he has no reserves in real property. Today the average industrial worker remains a proletarian, in the classical sense of the word.

*

IN the second week of the strike the men had collected checks for work done before the strike call went out. As a result, things remained relatively cheerful until well into the third week of the strike. By the end of the fourth week, however, the situation was definitely not so cheerful. War bonds were being cashed by those who had them, and meager savings accounts depleted. Picket lines were reported to be growing steadily larger; pickets got to eat in the strike kitchen set up in Philip Murray Hall, strike headquarters in Gary. Soup, sandwiches, spaghetti, whatever was available was being served. Some of the men began to bring their wives and children with them to eat. This by the time the strike was four weeks old.

When the first crack appeared in the steel industry's united front, relief officials in the Gary district were so far behind they could not estimate how many new cases they had. Unofficial estimates started at 3,000 and went up. The lines of applicants for relief stretched out of the waiting rooms and down the street. The welfare administrator for the Gary district was forced to appeal for emergency funds to the extent of $150,000 in order to take care of the extra load. Much the same general picture existed in all the other little steel towns in this area.

As soon as the strike started, a mass exodus from Gary began. Many men who worked in the steel plants were not eligible for relief. They had come to Gary from the South when steel production boomed under the stimulus of defense and war needs. Now they piled into cars and headed back home to southern Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas or Kentucky. Some people estimate the number who left at 3,000. The union official I talked to thought the number was closer to 5,000. Most of those who left are expected to drift back now that Big Steel has settled the strike. At that, they may have been more fortunate than those who stayed. At least they got a trip out of the deal.

During the strike the Gary merchants felt the pinch almost as badly as the strikers did. Business could have improved 100 percent and still it would have been terrible. The streets were full, since most of the men had nothing to do, but everybody was window-shopping, and that rings no tunes on cash registers. Even the food stores were complaining. The strikers began tightening their belts early, in anticipation of a long strike, and they bought cheaper food and less of it.

However much they suffered, though, the merchants joined the town officials in a friendly attitude toward the strikers. Gary is a union town; hostility during a strike would be sheer political or business suicide. Many neighborhood merchants extended as much credit as they could, but this was too limited to be much help, since their own credit from wholesalers is restricted.

*

DESIRABLE as the gains made as a result of the strike may be, they should not blind anyone to the underlying fact that workers are woefully and continuously dependent, a fact aptly illustrated in this and every other strike or depression. It is hard to see how this essential note of dependence can be removed without some share in ownership. In their 1940 statement, the Archbishops and Bishops of the Administrative Board of NCWC said:

"Private property in the judgment of many thoughtful men tends to become less and less the characteristic note of our present society. If the majority of our citizens possess insufficient private property to be independent of a wage income for even a short period of time, then there is grave danger to the entire social fabric. Social stability rests upon this basis of individual ownership of property. There should be more of it and not less of it, if our existing economic system is to remain secure."

The steel strike in Gary has provided another graphic illustration of how very few workers are in a position to be independent of wages for even a short time. Pension or no pension, that is a good thing to remember. If a large part of the foundation for freedom is economic, the house the steel workers live in is built on shifting sand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Note from California

There are some things the sunshine and the flowers cannot hide forever.

John A. Lynch

IN the spring of this year, with what seemed a carefully planned speciousness, the Standard Oil Company of California brought out a technicolor film lauding the state of California on her centennial and describing her in part as "this warm, smiling land of opportunity." It was a film to delight an ad-man's heart. Though of not exactly original ingredients, it was full to the brim with sunshine and flowers, rolling hills, beautiful waters, and the fact that a common ordinary man named James Marshall discovered gold at Coloma just about one hundred years ago.

The message was obvious: that in California even now anyone can expect to do the same.

Standard Oil is big business, and as propaganda goes I think this film served well the purpose of Standard Oil. But as is not unusual in the small but real enough war of ideas on the West Coast, the film was entirely one-sided and in marked contrast to the position taken, also last spring, by the U.S. Employment Service in the person of Urban F. Stewart, noting that 528,000 men were unemployed in the land of opportunity, 170,000 of them veterans: that California "is the worst state in the nation for the job-hunting veteran. . . . It is absolutely criminal for anyone to invite a veteran to go to California in search of employment unless that veteran has most convincing assurance of a job and a place to live."

And the land of allurement pictured by Standard Oil was in marked contrast also to the land pictured by Governor Earl Warren, only six months previously, when in a talk before the State Chamber of Commerce he said of California: "Our sanitation systems are not what they should be today, our highways have become outmoded and dangerous, our public and private hospitals are far below the requirements of our population, our public schools, our state colleges and our university are overwhelmed by thousands of youngsters. . . . The population of our youth facilities has doubled in the past five years, and our prison population has increased from five to ten thousand in the same period of time. . . . The conservation and development of our natural resources has lagged far behind. . . ."

*

THESE are the things, of course, that Standard Oil had carefully chosen to ignore. Nor have these things ever been heeded by the thousand and one other hucksters of California, those who labor for the tourist trade, and those promoters of business and industry who, in deference to prospective markets and a steady and cheap labor supply, have been selling the state as a land of sunshine and flowers for many years and, in the face of distressing facts, continue to do so.

"Stay another day and play," a 1949 slogan of the Southern California Hotel Association, sums up, I think, the tenor of all the ads. California is the playground, the Promised Land for all America, the horn of plenty, the land of opportunity. Congested Los Angeles is touted as some sort of vacationland and San Francisco, which this year experienced a "hunger parade" of unemployed workers, and where newspapermen go "adventuring" along Skid Row, is presented as the "city of sophisticates and superlatives . . . of longest bridges and suddenest hills, and fairest flowers and smartest women."

As if by connivance, the communications of our country are so handled that the facts of California existence are most often overshadowed by the publicity and ballyhoo that this is the latest and greatest of the Utopian states. A sort of unhinged, unrestrained tub-thumping is carried on as a matter of course. You have to search in out of the way places to find what really lies beneath the surface growth.

"Visit Southern California for scenery and fun," a transcontinental airline advertises. And this ad, as if enough fuel has not already been put to the fire, uses for its sole illustration something our ad-men have long confounded with scenery and fun, a Catholic Mission Church.

In itself, selling California has gotten to be a big business and, statistically, the results of this salesmanship are impressive. Since 1940 the population of the state has increased by 3,500,000,

John Lynch, a short story writer and a graduate of the University of Notre Dame, has recently been studying and writing in California. Here he gives his reactions to what he saw there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most of them by immigration. Before that, in the years 1930-40, 1,050,000 people came in through migration alone; and during the previous decade 1,882,000. The net population increase from births over deaths hardly compares with these figures. In the decade 1930-40 it was only 177,900, as compared to the more than a million who migrated. For the present decade it is expected to run to 970,000, a great increase, but still a long way from immigration's total.

Prefacing his Chamber of Commerce talk, Governor Warren noted: "California's position is unique in the Union. We are its fastest-growing state. . . . Since 1930 the population has almost doubled. Since 1940 it has increased 46 per cent in contrast to a national average of 9 per cent. We are still growing at the rate of about a quarter of a million people a year, and I firmly believe that in the next few decades we will double our population again."

Net immigration during the wartime 1940's reached an average of 261,000 people a year and it is predicted to go even higher during the 1950's. The population now stands at 10,500,000, is likely to go to 14,000,000 by 1960, and ultimately to 20,000,000, unless the top blows off the whole project. Every day of the year an average of better than 700 people cross the border to make California their home.

*

BUT consider now, in addition to the state of things as already pointed out by Governor Warren, just what California salesmanship and the reckless immigration that follows have meant in particular terms of human welfare.

A 1947 report of the State Legislature Joint Senate-Assembly Committee on the Housing Shortage declared that at that time 743,000 California families were homeless, in transient facilities, or living in slums, a figure that at only two and a half children per family would account for slightly more than a third of the state's population. And since then an estimated 500,000 additional people have come into the state.

The proponents of last November's housing bill, which was eventually defeated (it would "handicap American-style business"), stated that: "The majority of these homeless families cannot afford most homes constructed since the end of the war. In addition, the number of new families each month is greater than the production of new homes. Meanwhile the slums of the state continue to grow and the temporary wartime shelters deteriorate."

Unemployment, although it had hit a seasonal high last spring of over half a million, has never run below 300,000 this year. The seasonal figures are consistently about 150,000 higher than last year, and at the present rate of immigration there is every indication that they will jump proportionately each year to come.

In Los Angeles County alone, Mayor Fletcher Bowron noted last spring, there were 185,000 unemployed. Even with an increase of 17,000 job opportunities over the previous year, unemployment in the county had gone up 40,000 in just six months.

In the schools they are begging for teachers. At the beginning of this year California schools needed 10,000 new teachers to carry them adequately through the year, an estimated 25,000 more by 1960. This against the fact that only 1,100 teachers were graduated last year by California institutions. As elsewhere the figures are immediately irreconcilable.

But even if there were enough teachers, there is hardly room enough for the children. The lower grade schools are overcrowded in 90 per cent of the state, and waiting on the threshold is an age group now under five years old that since 1940 has increased itself 133.9 per cent. Sounding a note of helplessness and resignation in the face of this crisis, the State Chamber of Commerce has already said that the schools will be "completely unable" to handle the children.

*

NOW where do we go from here? These things surely the sunshine and the flowers cannot hide forever. Immigration shows no signs whatever of slackening, and few people are moving away from California. One can only wonder when we will reach the point of absolute saturation and the whole world will come tumbling down around our heads.

Certainly whatever population industry is responsible for, industry does not guarantee that population jobs, provide it housing, or educate its children. Big business, little business, and all in between provide no better. State welfare, however good or bad it is, and this year it is operating on a billion dollar budget, cannot keep up with the flow of immigration. Private charity only nicks the surface here and there.

Seeing these things, however, and knowing California, one is tempted to say that, in all truth, we have reaped no better than we have deserved. For the California of the unemployed and the ill-housed is still the California of Hollywood and Beverly Hills. We have made them both. It is unfortunate, but the environment of the migrant worker and that of Skid Row has its counterbalance in the milieu of the Cadillac car and the backyard swimming pool. It is unfortunate, too, that in California the rich man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has found a climate commensurate with his riches and has come here in great numbers, for in his wake has come the poor man. Out of its excesses our wealth has bred our poverty.

The California of the advertisements is the California of the rich man, the California of glamor, of worldly-wiseness, of Mammon, and not of God. Industry is its backbone, business its flesh, and hanging on the fringes are the opportunists of a dozen other fields. The wide-eyed children who loiter at the gates of Hollywood are more interested in glamor. The bad poets and the bad artists who frequent our shoreline are looking for a new Bohemia. *Harper's* magazine some time ago found them centered in what it called "The Cult of Anarchy and Sex." To California come the unformed and the uninformed whose own lives are in chaos, for in chaotic California there is home of a sort.

Here come the veteran pension-seekers, some innocent among them, but some not too innocent. Retiring and retired businessmen come by the hundreds, to live out their days in leisure, with none of the responsibilities they might have were they to stay in their own home towns. Hoodlums and armed gangsters by the dozens have come from Eastern cities, setting themselves up in the lucrative centers of Los Angeles and San Francisco. And here come those who are interested mainly in the scenery and the fun, who, having seen this gloss, will eventually go back to Ohio or New Jersey and tell all they meet what a wonderful place California is.

And in the wake of them all comes the poor man. Like a moth blinded by the promise of the lights he comes, not knowing that this is a hoax, that the promise is not for him, but only for those who can afford to pay. The poor man who once here must drift like flotsam up and down the state, waiting to be absorbed wherever society sees fit to have him, and in its own good time.

Seven hundred persons a day coming to California to make it their home, because it has lights, because it has glamor, because it has leisure and loves so well the pleasures of this world. And the poor man, ignorant, innocent, unwary, lost in the shuffle, trampled underfoot.

*

WE recall the words of Thomas Merton from *The Seven Storey Mountain*: "The brothels of Harlem, and all its prostitution, and its dope-rings, and all the rest are the mirror of the polite divorces and the manifold cultured adulteries of Park Avenue: they are God's commentary on the whole of our society.

"Harlem is, in a sense, what God thinks of Hollywood. And Hollywood is all Harlem has, in its despair, to grasp at, by way of a surrogate for heaven."

Just so, California's poor are the reflection of her rich, their lives the reflection of the rich man's pleasures, and in turn the rich man's pleasures are all the poor man has left to strive for. We have tried to cut off everything else.

The vanity that makes California a promised land for some causes in the process only destitution for others. For every face in Hollywood there is a face on Skid Row, waiting for the crumbs to fall from the table. And the breakdown of California's physical state, where we have these hundreds of thousands out of work, ill-housed and deprived of education, is nothing more than the offshoot of the breakdown of California's moral state, where our emphasis has been so steadily on the flimsy, tinseled things of this world, and has been not only non-Christian but anti- as well. The disorders of social justice have gone hand-in-hand with the greater disorder of our hearts and souls, and to the poor man, for his objective and in present mitigation, we offer only this disorder.

In California today, even with our poor, we can say that we eat more, drink more, drive more cars and own more private airplanes than anyone almost anywhere else. We have the nation's biggest bank and the city of the most divorces. At the Santa Anita racetrack we commonly bet two million and two and a half million dollars a day just to watch the horses. We are the land of the hot-rod automobile, Palm Springs, "decent living," and Mr. Joyboy. And the cancer is spreading all the time. Even in our churches we sometimes affect a kind of klieg-light atmosphere.

With the late Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard we can ask now: "Can one breathe in this foul air without being contaminated by it?"

I think not. We contaminate not only our minds, but we scandalize our bodies. It is a cancer that can easily be on all of us. Unless we fight it, by our very presence here we encourage it, give it even more room in which to grow.

Cardinal Suhard has called the absence of God in our society a "slow asphyxiation," and a "subtle poison, the more dangerous because it does not kill its victims but renders them unconscious of the harm it does them."

It is a great pity that so many innocent must suffer from our blindness. But perhaps the greater pity is that we are unconscious, that standing in the midst of these things, we can yet look out and proclaim that here at last, as nowhere else, is the promised land, the land of opportunity, and then watch complacently as the poor man comes again.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Labor Movement

The CIO Expels Its Communist Unions

THE CIO convention of 1949 will go down in the books as one of the big conventions of all time. There is no question about that. Not since the AFL convention in 1935, when the CIO was born, has there been a convention which has had the effect that this one will have.

Already two Communist-led unions have been expelled: the small (35,000) Farm Equipment workers and the large (400,000) United Electrical radio and machine workers. And within the next three months ten more Stalinist unions will be thrown out unless their accusers fail to prove that they are Stalinist unions, which does not seem likely.

These unions have about 250,000 members between them and they include fishermen, food and tobacco workers, furniture workers, furriers, longshoremen, marine cooks, metal miners, office workers, public workers and telegraph employees (ACA).

What happened was this: the CIO just decided that it did not want any longer to harbor trade unions whose leaders take their orders from Moscow. It therefore gave its executive board power to expel such unions. At a meeting immediately following the convention the board set up three committees to hear the charges against the ten unions listed above. The next board meeting will be in February, and everyone expects these organizations to be cast into exterior darkness at that time.

Some CIO leaders, including Walter Reuther, wanted to throw them out at the convention and get it over with. The lawyers reminded them that court actions would probably follow and that the CIO would have a stronger case if it granted these unions an opportunity for a fair trial. Whatever the motives, the decision to do things more deliberately is to be commended.

The other two unions, the FE and UC as they are called, fall in another category. Communist domination was part of the charge against them, but the main counts were matters of union discipline: the FE had ignored a CIO order to merge with the United Auto Workers and had merged with the UE; the UE had accepted the FE, had laid down impossible conditions for continued affiliation, and had already, before the convention assembled, announced suspension of dues payments.

If we follow all this, it is clear that the CIO had not simply yielded to a wave of anti-Communist hysteria. There must have been many delegates at Cleveland who were jumping on a bandwagon. Anti-Communism is a popular sport these days. That is true.

But the action at Cleveland does not bear the marks of a snap judgment. The policy which the delegates adopted was not dreamed up in the heat of debate. It was coolly and deliberately worked out by the top leaders —men like Murray, Carey, Reuther, Haywood, Brophy, Rieve, Baldanzi, Curran and Potofsky—during the weeks and months before the convention.

★

THIS policy was the fruit of 14 years of living and working, or trying to work, with the Stalinists on every level of the CIO, from the small plant union up through the Industrial Councils and the internationals to the CIO executive board and CIO headquarters itself, where Stalinists at one time controlled both the legal and publicity departments.

The CIO leaders mentioned do not know Communism from books or newspapers or speeches; they know it from sight and from hearing and feeling—the feeling of wounds which they have themselves suffered in the vicious in-fighting.

It is probably true that if Joe Stalin had not decided to be aggressively anti-American in this post-war era, this thing might never have happened. But he did so decide. And at the same time he decided to order his loyal disciples in other democratic countries—Czechoslovakia, France, Italy and others—to use their control of unions to sabotage and, if possible, overthrow their governments.

All this these CIO leaders observed. Their action and their policy will doubtless have some evil effects. There will be a lot of disruption in American industry while the different forces fight for the allegiance of the workers. There will also be an increase in the pressure which is driving the Communists underground and which is at the same time, as a kind of by-product, making it more difficult for men to express themselves freely and fully without fear of being painted red.

These different factors must be weighed in the balance, the good and the evil measured against each other. It is the writer's opinion that the CIO leaders weighed and measured accurately when they decided to clean house. As President Murray said in what were perhaps the most significant words spoken at the convention:

"I've been trying for years to reconcile the two camps in this labor federation. Now I know that it cannot be done. This issue had to be settled some day in the CIO. This is the day. There's plenty of room in the CIO for differences of opinion, for disputes between unions and personalities, but there's no room for Communism."

★

AND so now what will happen? Within three months there will be a full-fledged Communist labor federation consisting of the twelve unions mentioned plus at least some 30,000 retail and wholesale workers in New York City whose unions were thrown out of the CIO last year.

The CIO has already created a new rival to the UE, the big electrical, radio and machine workers outfit, which will probably be known as the IUE. Jim Carey, former president of UE, heads it and it is taking in new seceding locals from UE every day. It will probably get 150,000 members from UE easily and perhaps another 150,000 with some effort.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The National Maritime Union, under Joe Curran, is slated to get jurisdiction over the waterfront workers involved; the woodworkers will get the furniture workers; the Communications Workers (telephone) will get the ACA jurisdiction, which is mostly Western Union and RCA.

New CIO unions will certainly be created for office workers and government workers. In the end the CIO may find itself with more members coming in than those who have gone out. Because it is also a fact to be reckoned with that many workers—the type who think that John L. Lewis is still president of the CIO—also think that the CIO is a Communist organization. Some of these at any rate should be impressed by current developments.

Another interesting thing will happen. We will have a chance to see how many employers are sincere enough in their protestations of Americanism to resist Communist offers of easy contracts in exchange for exclusive bargaining rights. And the first ones we will be watching are General Electric and Westinghouse.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage & Screen

Lost in the Stars

IT would be a little more useful, in order to explain my vast distaste for this show, if I had a copy of *Cry, The Beloved Country* on hand. However, I happen to be separated by sixty miles from Alan Paton's fine novel and must worry through Maxwell Anderson's incredible musical tragedy without it. At all events, the question of stage adaptations is a technical bore and is indulged in far too often in this column. It is probably as well that I cannot offer word-by-word proof of my amazement.

For readers of the novel, and for non-readers also, I imagine, the first astonishment will be that there is nothing articulately African about the piece at all. And there is nothing articulately Christian. A humble native clergyman, living in some high hills, is summoned to the city by his bad brother. He goes. The city is all bad because all cities are bad. While there, he searches for his lost son and discovers that the boy has killed an Englishman, whose father also lives in the high hills. A plea from the native father to the white father is refused. The boy is tried and hung. On the day of the hanging, both fathers —now coincidentally returned to the high hills—are reconciled. I suppose it would be correct to say that the conclusion is strict Kipling, except that it will be more critically honest to call it strict Anderson. After all, Kipling was once alive.

I do truly feel, at this point, that I owe no serious reader of this column anything further than my name in small caps, and an italic designation of the theatre where this abortion is showing. And I wish I could get away with just that. But unfortunately, in trying to be fair rather than intelligent, I have raised so many questions in my own mind, I can see no way of solving them other than writing them out as plainly as possible.

★

ON THE score of Africa: I want to know, beyond guessing, exactly what an American can learn. It is true I have only just arranged to borrow *The Story of an African Farm* and have promised *Out of Africa* in return. And my absent husband, being an anthropologist, will surely be able to help me statistically, and imaginatively as well. Also there are, respectfully, in this house a selection of Picasso, a collection of Edith Sitwell, a good deal of Hemingway, and (I regret again) only a memory of Mr. Paton's book. But surely none of these assorted fictions could in any way prepare me, or anyone else, for Mr. Anderson's and Mr. Kurt Weill's scheme. Can it be right that African Negroes sing spirituals? Or that they give with swing at every theatrical corner? Or that they sneak, creep, lurk, pose, and swish about in this old-fashioned Mamoulian manner? Or that the only moving and subtle song provided for them should have been devised some fifteen years ago to bolster the overt attractions of Walter Huston in the role of "Peter Stuyvesant?" I can't get at this.

And on the spiritual score: It seems to me that the character of Mr. Paton's priest has been reported, as well as written. John Hersey's small Japanese clergyman, in his Hiroshima account, does indeed prove Mr. Paton's "Stephen Kumalo." These figures' virtues match; their works match. Actually, it would need a stern examination of the cries of Bernanos, Silone, and Bloy, to describe their goodness and their fear. But, in Mr. Anderson's version, you must understand, we are confronted with pasteboard, paint and tunes. Mr. Todd Duncan is an actor. In the role of Stephen Kumalo, he smiles often, and sings loud. But he is composed as a pickaninny, and as a pickaninny, he plays.

★

IT WILL be enough to conclude that my own was the only dry (baleful) eye in the house. A kind of rhythm of snuffles, a master-gesture of hankies, was the audience contribution at the Music Box. The thing was and is a hit. It is only for African information that I must add that we have the (American) theatre we deserve. For African information, there is no question that Mr. Anderson is our first and most successful dramatist. (*At the Music Box*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Gun and Camera

THIS is one of those weeks in which your movie critic, squeezed by the sudden rush of new films and the limitations of space, has to get caught up by writing a series of quick reviews. Some of the films covered below don't deserve one more bit of consideration than they get, but others, really worthy movies, merit the complete treatment.

Battleground: is a good film that should get much more praise than I have room for. I don't think it is one of the best war films ever made, but Director William A. Wellman has caught so well the tragedy, boredom, humor, suffering, bravery, cowardice and inconvenience of war in showing us a cross-section of men during the Battle of Bastogne that we identify ourselves with these men and understand what they are going through. The large, well-directed cast (led by Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, Marshall Thompson, and which includes many of the original "Screaming Eagles" of the 101st Airborne Division, who play themselves) succeed in making us feel the emotions through which these men go. It is well, when there is talk of more war, to be reminded so dramatically of the last one.

Savage Splendor: might be called a travelogue or adventure film, but whatever you call this record of the Armand Denis-Lewis Cotlow expedition made in Africa, it is as exciting as any fiction movie, and I urge you not to miss it. In stunning Technicolor, there are plenty of shots of wild animals, dancing savages, landscapes and sunsets, but this is by no means just the "fading sunset" kind of cinema. The coronation of a tribal king in Belgian Congo, the underwater shots of a hippo, the tussle with a rhino and the capture of many animals provide thrills galore.

Rigoletto: is an import from Italy, a full-length film version of Verdi's opera made in the Royal Opera House of Rome. Its sound track, with Tito Gobbi singing the title rôle, is excellent—but no matter how you slice it, this is filmed opera and the static visuals only emphasize the flaws in all opera. Although the two mediums don't combine well, music lovers may enjoy this uncinematic movie.

Van Gogh: is a first-rate short that really tries to do something different. As the camera examines pictures by the great artist, a narrator tells the story of Van Gogh and shows how he revealed himself in his art. The tragic tale of this voyager going somewhere, rebelling against the old order, seeking new expression is dramatically told through the pictures themselves, and the movie camera becomes the artist's eye. This short can now be seen at the Metropolitan Museum in New York in connection with the Van Gogh show, but it can also be rented or bought, in 16 or 35-mm., from the Museum of Modern Art.

Tokyo Joe: is Humphrey Bogart who returns to Japan to find the wife (Florence Marly) he walked out on several years earlier. He finds her married to Alexander Knox, so he goes out of his way to mess up her life again. He also gets awfully mixed up with some underground Japs who want to get above ground. Joe finally redeems himself by saving his daughter from these villains. All this is pretty far-fetched; but it has some good suspense and shows that Hollywood is not yet finished with the Japanese scene.

That Forsyte Woman: stems from the first part of Galsworthy's lengthy saga. Although it has been handsomely filmed in Technicolor, with beautiful costumes and interior sets, its material is not particularly suitable for cinema—being mainly a prolonged discussion of the respectability of marriage without love. Errol Flynn has been well cast as Soames, the man of property, but the picture makes him much more unpleasant than Galsworthy intended. This has been done, no doubt, to justify the behavior of his wife (Greer Garson) who leaves him for a young architect (Robert Young) and who finally marries Soames' cousin (Walter Pidgeon). If the movies start a serial on this family, it may go on forever.

The Doctor and the Girl: are Glenn Ford and Janet Leigh who fall in love and try to prove that marriage is possible for young doctors. All this is done in soap-opera style and has practically no relation to Van Der Meersch's "Bodies and Souls" from which it somewhat vaguely stems.

Song of Surrender: is another soap opera about marriage, but it is so much like a 1910 melodrama about the young girl (Wanda Hendrix) who wants to leave her elderly husband (Claude Rains) for the handsome city slicker (Macdonald Carey) that one regrets all this waste of talent. It's really not meant to be a comedy.

Everybody Does It: is meant to be comedy about marriage and what's more is very funny as Paul Douglas goes about trying to teach his wife (Celeste Holm) a lesson when she tries to become a concert singer. It is Paul who turns out to be the singer, discovered by prima donna Linda Darnell. This pleasant mixture of high and low comedy was intended for nothing but laughs. It gets 'em.

Passport to Pimlico: is an English laugh winner and lusciously packed with English jokes and satire. It shows what happens when it is suddenly discovered that a district in London belongs not to the British Empire but to Burgundy. In depicting the confusion over passports, rationing, government and international situations, the English have kidded themselves unmercifully and the result is fun from beginning to end, the kind of fun that should appeal to anglophobes and philes but not the lukewarms.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Note

Conscientious Objection

THE Parisian daily, *Témoignage Chrétien,* (100 rue de Richelieu, Paris) has been carrying on a lively readers' debate on the position of conscientious objectors under French law. Father Yves Congar, O.P. wrote a letter to the Editor in a recent issue, opposing the position of Catholics who want to register as *unconditional* C.O.'s.

> What, in substance, do our theologians say? That war under the conditions in which it is actually carried on involves certain evils so disproportionate to the good effects which it can produce that no war can be just except a war purely defensive, and that only under certain conditions. . . . Conscientious objection is to be rejected under the present circumstances, precisely because a war of defense can still be carried on as a duty of justice and of true charity. But one can foresee now a state of affairs where international guarantees of peace will reach such a state of effectiveness that absolute conscientious objection should become *normal.* So now, under certain precise and limited conditions conscientious objection, well defined in its object and its conditions, is *legitimate.*
>
> Certain persons are surprised that we do not go further. They challenge us in the Name of Christianity itself, in the name of the Will of God, to oppose war, all war—to be unconditional objectors to war. We don't believe we can follow them, precisely because, in our opinion, they want to judge a concrete, existential duty in the light of principles alone (and principles *per se*). But in the evaluation of a concrete and existential duty, circumstances must be considered. No duty can mean the denial of another duty. We cannot pose an imperative, for immediate action, without knowing the circumstances in which our action will give rise to concrete consequences.
>
> We think that the world is again found in such a condition that circumstances may present themselves where the only means of fulfilling our duties toward our neighbors and toward ourselves will be defense by arms. . . . Leonard Constant, a gentle and admirable Christian who died bringing help to Germans during a street-barrage, wrote: "It has been said that war is indispensable to love of country, and that peace leads men to selfishness. It must be said that there *could* be a peace that would be worse, in the eyes of charity, than war itself. That would be a situation in which you had cowardice and running-away on the one hand, and the triumph of injustice on the other."
>
> This is still true, at least for a certain time yet. It is why, following the teaching of the popes, we agree with the pacifists and conscientious objectors just as we agree with the Communists in wishing for the elimination of the proletarian condition. But we break with both on the question of the method to employ and the concrete steps to be taken. We don't think that a good way to reach peace would be conscientious objection, practiced individually, immediately and on an unconditional basis by everyone. Because it is still chimeric to think that all will apply this at the same time, an individual should not be allowed to practice it *unconditionally.*
>
> The ideal solution, Benedict XV declared: there would be universal and simultaneous disarmament, accompanied by the creation of an order of law which had efficacious means to make itself respected.
>
> We should work actively to create the ideological, religious, economic and political conditions in which this program could be made a reality. Here is our true field of action. It is neither chimeric or lacking in efficacy. In this domain we should work ardently as people who want to join together because their lives depend on it.
>
> But in regard to such action, conscientious objection, *immediate* and *unconditional,* does seem to be an insurrectional means and does not respond to all those demands which our consciences recognize in the present circumstances. The time for it has not yet come. . . .

The Church and Civil Liberties

GEORGE N. SHUSTER writes in the November *Harper's Magazine* (49 East 33 Street, New York City 16) about the growing dissention between American Catholics and Protestants. In the following excerpt he discusses one of the most serious charges made by non-Catholics:

> Does the Catholic Church teach that when a state is under Catholic control the civil rights of others may, or must, be abrogated? If the answer is *yes,* non-Catholic Americans will of necessity consider the Church a threat to their basic liberties. Nor can the query be dismissed as purely theoretical. If population statistics show even a slight increase in the relative number of Catholics, a time may be envisioned when they will constitute a majority of American citizens. One may observe at this point that although existing statistical studies are inconclusive, there is some evidence of a net Catholic gain. Naturally it is also possible that, should a marked drift away from both confessions set in, Catholics may some day outnumber Protestants.
>
> Under such circumstances, a statement by the late Monsignor John A. Ryan, widely respected for his liberal views, that the pronouncements of Pope Leo XIII made it necessary to hold that the rights of dissenters were not recognized in principle by the Catholic Church was hardly soothing syrup.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It deeply shocked American Catholics, too, because it made them, ethically, first cousins of the Communists, prone to claim democratic privileges until strong enough to deny them to others. Soon a group of moral theologians, led by eminent Jesuits, was at work studying the problem. There were conferences with representative Protestant scholars. Essays on the subject were circulated. Finally, during the summer of 1949, a notable body of Catholic intellectuals met in St. Louis for earnest and searching debate. The conclusions reached were of necessity tentative. But I think that while Monsignor Ryan's views are now given little if any support, one must add that Catholic moral teaching on the major issues has not been made sufficiently explicit. Until further clarity has been achieved, there may well be some further groping and contentiousness. On the other hand, reports from nearly all countries in Europe and Latin America indicate that Catholic thinkers are overwhelmingly opposed to Monsignor Ryan's position.

Catholic International News

"Common Christian Sympathy"

UNDER the title of "Catholicism Today," the London *Times* recently devoted two of its columns to a discussion of "the relations between Rome and the Christian world."

The *Times'* article notes that "the struggle against Marxian paganism . . . is creating a common Christian sympathy." According to the article, there is no longer any doubt of the issue involved in this struggle, especially as it is now developing in East Europe: "No unprejudiced observer can any longer believe that the issue being fought out there is one between reactionary clericalism and the forces of progress; fundamentally, it is a conflict between those who affirm and those who deny the reality of spiritual values."

Since a common cause is at stake for all Christians, the *Times* emphasizes the need for a "rapprochement" between them. It notes in particular how "the multiplicity of Christian sects . . . is the chief stumbling-block to the acceptance of the Gospel by the non-Christian peoples." The need is all the greater that "Christians have now to contend with the most ruthless attempt ever made to subordinate religion to political and economic interests."

In suggesting that all the Christian bodies should meet together to discuss their differences of belief, the writer apparently voices his conviction that common action among Christians demands some reconciliation among their different beliefs. Thus he declares that such a discussion might reveal that "the distinction between the essential and the inessential is not always easy to determine, and the number of 'essential' articles of belief is not perhaps as large as is commonly supposed."

The *Times'* writer criticizes the Catholic Church for its doctrinal and administrative rigidity towards the problem of unity among Christians. While declaring that the Pope "has shown his awareness of the essential need," he claims that there has been no "answering sense of responsibility . . . on the part of the accredited leaders in the various national branches of the Church."

The writer goes on to claim that Christians should not "refuse to confer together about their differences and how best they can give effect to such principles as are held in common." It might well be asked whether these two demands do not work against each other. The attempt to discuss their differences might prove more disruptive than unifying. On the other hand, Christians, despite their differences, already possess much in common as Christians. The problem is to unite their forces on a program for common action. (London 11/12—CIP.)

French Socialists and the Church

DURING the reshuffling of the French Cabinet, it is particularly significant how Socialist leaders took great pains to show their respect for the opinions of French Catholics. This was particularly noteworthy while the Socialist M. Moch was trying to form a Government. Questioned in the Assembly on his attitude towards Catholic schools, he replied:

"It is to be hoped that, as men of good will, we may one day sit down and discuss the problems that have arisen since the beginning of the century, and be able, by reciprocal concessions, to arrive at a conclusive agreement."

Although he claimed that for many the time for this development was not yet ripe, his statement was so unusual for a Socialist that it brought forth the following comment by the Catholic daily, *La Croix*: "Never before has a Socialist Premier as much as admitted that there existed such a problem as that of the two schools, State and Catholic, or that reciprocal concessions were needed, or that the problem could be solved by any other means than a pure and simple disappearance of Christian education."

Such friendliness of the Socialists towards Catholics is undoubtedly due in part to the fact that the Socialists need the support of the Popular Republicans, most of whom are Catholics, to obtain a majority. In coalitions the school question has always been a matter of dispute endangering government stability.

However, the incident also reveals that Socialists no longer feel they have to be anti-clerical and anti-Catholic in order to be Socialists. They have found from practice, and not only from necessity, that Catholics and Socialists can work together on a common program of action for the common good, so long as their fundamental differences are respected. (Paris 11/12—CIP.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Thinker and the Tough Guy

Norbert Muhlen

THE first detective story appeared only a little more than a hundred years ago, in immensely respectable times and surroundings, when in the year 1841, in Philadelphia, in "Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Handbook" Edgar Allan Poe published the *Murders In The Rue Morgue.* Telling how a seemingly mysterious crime was explained and the criminal uncovered, this story remained the blueprint for more than one thousand writers in the subsequent age of detective fiction.

Only in very recent years has the murder mystery undergone a thorough change from its original and traditional pattern. Looking closer at this change, we may well discover that it mirrors a change in the minds of the readers; as a matter of fact, the change in favorite fictional reading may well reflect a change in the views of contemporary society.

The central character of the detective story being the detective, "it is certain," as the French author Paul Morand remarked, "that the detective responds to the sentimental needs of hero-worship." The hero is endowed with all these traits, talents and triumphs which his worshipers crave for themselves while they sadly lack them. But reading about their hero they themselves experience in vicarious, playful participation his ways and victories, and thus satisfy their own frustrated longings. For a short moment of their day, they can identify themselves with the image of their hero. The writers of detective stories are well aware of this secret of their appeal. "Under all circumstances," the outstanding American expert on detective fiction, Howard Haycraft, set down as a rule of the game, "a single principal sleuth is advisable, else the reader's essential identification of the pursuer with himself is likely to falter."

★

THE great change of the detective-hero began in the early thirties when, as a challenge and contrast to the older detective (as created by Poe, developed for serialization and mass production by Sir Conan Doyle, and ever repeated since) he appeared in his new shape, as a "tough guy." While the threats of Depression, Nazism, war and communism followed each other, the tough detective turned up more and more frequently in modern mystery fiction. Apparently he is here to stay.

The older and the newer detective-hero are worlds apart from each other; the only thing which they have in common is the fact that they hunt down criminals. How and why they do so, however, highlights the difference of two different times.

Norbert Muhlen, a contributor to THE NEW LEADER *and* COMMENTARY, *recently returned from Germany where he served as a visiting professor at the University of Freiburg.*

To solve the riddle of the crime and to detect the guilty, the older detective needed only his brilliant mind and his broad erudition. Like Poe's C. Auguste Dupin, like Sherlock Holmes, he depended solely on his giant gift of observation and deduction. Like Professor Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., M.D., named the Thinking Machine by Jacques Futrelle, his creator, his reasoning was so powerful and invincible that he could solve every puzzling crime simply by sitting down and cogitating. A little self-irony may have crept into this adoration of the intellect, as when, for instance, the more contemporary Hercule Poirot pompously used to boast that all his miraculous findings were only "the inevitable result of the intensive operations of the little gray cells."

This old-fashioned detective was a product of, and a paean to, the Age of Reason. "As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action," his living contrast, the detective, according to Poe's introduction and blueprint, "glories in that moral activity which entangles."

The new school of tough detectives, however, is filled with contempt for the "moral activity" of reasoning. They delight precisely "in such exercises as call their muscles into action," usually for the purpose of beating up somebody, as was set forth by the creator of Sam Spade, the first tough guy to detect a crime successfully between book-covers. "Your private detective," wrote Dashiell Hammett in his introduction to *The Maltese Falcon,* "does not want to be an erudite solver of riddles in the Sherlock Holmes manner; he wants to be a hard and shifty fellow, able to take care of himself in any situation, able to get the best of anybody he comes in contact with, whether criminal, innocent bystander or client."

The hard-hitting hero, the successor to the hard-thinking hero, while relying on knockouts rather than on cogitation acquired a new social status. When the detective, as is usual in the older as well as the newer murder mysteries, competes with the policeman who is also in on the manhunt, he always wins over this powerful competitor. In the old-fashioned story, the hero outwitted the men from Scotland Yard or the Homicide Squad because of his keener, better educated mind; a nice allegory to show the superiority of the individual over the State, and of reason over power. The new hard-boiled hero, however, triumphs over the police, because, being less fenced-in by democratic laws and civil rights than the cop, and less inhibited in using violence, he is tougher than the arm of society. "You're a cop, Pat," a tough hero tells the cop on the case, "you're tied down by rules and regulations. . . . I can slap someone in the puss and they can't do a damn thing." (Mickey Spillane.)

★

THIS tough avenger can—and continuously does—kick in the teeth of potential suspects, invade houses without a search warrant, falsify evidence and knock out everybody who is in his way, "whether criminal, innocent bystander or client." The older detective, a peaceful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

citizen who deeply respected the law, would not have been willing nor able to fight crime like a criminal. In the new mystery, however, the hero has ceased being a private individual. He hunts criminals as a "private eye," or a "house-dick," or a "commercial investigator," an "agency op." This means that, unhampered by democratic inhibitions and legal procedures, taking the law in his own brutal hand, he is nevertheless ambiguously protected and accepted by the State. "Maybe there's nobody to put up a huge fuss if I get gunned down, but then I still have a private cop's license with the privilege to pack a rod, and they're afraid of me," proclaims the detective of 1949. (*I, the Jury.*)

While standing and acting outside of the law, the hard-boiled hero is nevertheless licensed to act as an outlaw. In this, he acquires precisely the same status which the Nazi Storm Troopers had in the revolutionary years in which the Third Reich came to power; which the Action Committees had in 1948 when another Soviet satellite state was established in Czechoslovakia; which the Ku Klux Klan had in its heyday as an extra-legal, yet semi-legal institution able to perform those actions which were illegal. Standing midway between the individual and the State, the tough private eye is paid by his client and permitted by society to break the laws.

In striking contrast to the older detective who, after finally finding the guilty and delivering him to the sheriff, settled comfortably down in his chair and let justice be done, the hard-boiled hero, like Ku Klux Klan and S.S. men, does not hesitate to turn into judge and executioner himself. "I'm the jury now, and the judge. . . . Beautiful as you are, as much as I almost loved you, I sentence you to death," says Mickey Spillane's hero after cornering a suspect, and before killing her. "He believes," Ellery Queen states in praise of Dashiell Hammett's hardbitten hero, "that it's bad business to let a killer get away with it no matter who gets hurt, even if it's the woman you love."

★

WHAT is it that makes the new detective click? It is definitely not the motivation of the traditional sleuth who, again according to Poe, derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his analytical, intellectual talents into play, in addition to his being a citizen who sees in crime a social evil which has to be removed. The new detective derives his pleasure rather from the violence with which he fights violence. Listen to the sadistic enjoyment of the tough hero setting out on his job: "Some day, before long, I'm going to have my rod in my mitt and the killer in front of me. I'm going to watch the killer's face. I'm going to plunk one right in his gut, and when he's dying on the floor I may kick his teeth out." (Mickey Spillane.) Besides this *Taste for Violence,* (or love of adventure, or love of action) the tough guy is a detective because, as he often remarks, he has to make a living, or, in the phrasing of another story, because *Trouble Is His Business.*

He hunts criminals for love of violence and money, just as his victim turned to crime for love of violence and money. The main difference between the detective-hero and the gangster is that the detective has chosen the job which happens to be "right"—legally, not morally.

When, in another story (*Up Jumps The Devil*), the agent of the FBI objects to the hero-detective's solution of a mystery by guessing at a suspect, kidnapping him and having him tortured by a gangster until he confesses—a procedure which the FBI man censors as "Gestapo methods"—the private eye replies in ringing conviction that an American Gestapo is what we need. (Cleve F. Adams.) But such an open admission remains rare.

Identifying himself with this hard-boiled hero, the reader fights against—and gets the better of—evils which seem threatening and mysterious; they must be "detected" and punished as dangerous. He feels more secure after he—in the person of the detective—has uncovered and annihilated them. The older as well as the new detective stories had this effect in common, which shows that there is nothing new in the need of the reader to see his own endangered rights triumph over enemies.

New, however, is the wish for, and recourse to, violence rather than reason as decisive weapon of self-defense; new is the fantasy of finding one's right by the use of brute force. New also is the image of crime which has ceased being a social anomaly, as it had been in the older detective stories; in the new mysteries, in which a thousand shall fall and the hero himself must take cruel beatings before the happy end, crime seems a rather normal feature of everyday life. But organized society, the State, does not seem quite able to cope with it sufficiently and neither does the individual; both are not tough enough; therefore the semi-legal, semi-independent private eyes and professional toughs are needed to look out for, and lynch, the hidden forces of evil.

While the modern literature of the tough gentry is denounced today abroad, the traditional American and British detective fiction was bitterly denounced by the Nazis who saw in it—from Conan Doyle to Dorothy Sayers and S. S. Van Dine—the emissary of Western Capitalist Democratic propaganda. While the German readers continued in the pre-war years enjoying the tales of these traditional detectives, the Nazi leaders of thought-control had good cause to fight the fiction which glorified the valor of the individual, the victory of reason, the rejection of violence as a fundament of society. In present-day America, this older, democratic detective still lives on and competes with the tough, potentially pre-totalitarian detective. While the latter seems to prevail in radio plays and motion pictures, the majority of mystery books published and read in this country still appears to stand by the older type of hard-thinking, law-abiding, highly individualistic traditional sleuth. Both heroes respond to two opposing currents of a mass mind. That they co-exist, may reflect a cleavage: while the faith in Sherlock Holmes and his Reason holds its ground, the simultaneous cult of the Private Eye and his violence warns us of tremors beneath the surface of the society. To use language more appropriate to the subject, the hard-boiled mystery reveals footmarks and fingerprints which may expose a questionable trend of our time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

The Struggle for Germany. Drew Middleton. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.00.

READERS LOOKING for blunt statements and sensational stories will be disappointed in this book by the Chief Correspondent for the New York *Times* in Germany. Middleton does not care for one-sided accusations and avoids over-simplification. He is obviously anxious to present an honest, balanced report about Germany and her problems since 1945; and it must be stated that he has succeeded well in doing just this. *The Struggle for Germany* is full of information and of political wisdom. True, it will not satisfy those who have an ax to grind, who believe that American policy for Germany is dominated by German haters, or who claim that the Germans must always be regarded exclusively in the light of the Nazi criminal record.

Middleton points out currently that the American attitude towards the vanquished of World War II has been decisively influenced by Soviet policies. The Soviet attempts to obtain control of all Germany—a part of the expansionist postwar program of the Kremlin—produced so powerful a reaction that Germany came to be regarded as one of the ramparts of the West.

Middleton describes in an impressive way how the Morganthau Plan—which he criticizes most effectively, but without hysteria—has today completely vanished. He is very frank in his discussion of the occupation forces: he admires General Clay, but he points out the naive attitudes of the average GI and the absence of the most elementary political knowledge among some of the higher officers. He describes the various Soviet devices to make all Germany a satellite of Moscow; he analyzes very carefully the reasons for the present failure of Soviet propaganda but he is at the same time aware of the chances for its future success. He emphasizes the fact that today the USSR is the potential enemy number one and that therefore it would be wrong to concentrate upon the prospect that Germany may become dangerous again in one or two decades. He warns, too, against the naive belief that everybody who today opposes Communism is therefore necessarily a fighter for the Good Cause, for he has not forgotten the Nazi-Soviet cooperation of 1939-1941, and he knows that totalitarian power politics remain the same no matter how the colors appear to change.

It is regrettable, he thinks, that a one-sided interest in economic-technical efficiency has brought about a general neglect of political issues. He discusses objectively the differences among American, British and French policies, and reveals convincingly that, fortunately, the Soviet leaders also made mistakes which resulted in reverses and defeats. He recommends that these controls which cannot now, and will not in the future, be enforced should be scrapped; but on the other hand he believes that control of the production of the Ruhr ought not to be returned to the old German owners but should be expanded into a control of European heavy industries.

Middleton is primarily concerned with the relations between Germany and the American occupation, and therefore he does not discuss cultural and religious trends or internal German developments (though he delivers pertinent comments on German parties and German nationalism). Without ignoring certain dangerous possibilities for the future, he warns against the adoption of any simplifying attitude which regards any form of German patriotism as nationalism of the Nazi type.

Middleton's book will increase general respect for the work of American foreign correspondents. It makes one forget other books by some of his colleagues, books which are mere collections of superficial impressions and anecdotes recounted chiefly to put across a highly biased subjective opinion.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

John L. Lewis—An Unauthorized Biography. Saul Alinsky. Putnam. $4.00.

IF the recent book on Mayor Curley of Boston and this one on John L. Lewis serve as sufficient evidence, the term, "unauthorized," means just the reverse of a balanced appraisal. The chief difference from the sort of biography that is as official and authorized as any public figure could ask is that the Alinsky type of chronicle makes livelier reading. For his mild gestures in the direction of negative criticism are soon swallowed up by page after page of admiration for the man.

The heart of the book has to do with the rôle of John L. Lewis in starting the CIO and leading the historic General Motors strike, which ended in a resounding victory for the new United Auto Workers. It also examines in some detail the break between Lewis and Mr. Roosevelt—a breach which the author of this volume himself vainly tried to heal. His theme really is that the United States today might be governed by a Labor Party had not John L., in his rough sort of forthrightness, found himself unable to take the President's "ingratitude" toward himself and his United Mine Workers (and other manifestations of the Roosevelt political way). This Lewis story, therefore, builds up to a lament for what might have been.

Mr. Alinsky's hero has been in the headlines so consistently since those critical days that Americans now tend to think of him primarily as the leader of the coal miners. By concentrating on the early days of the CIO, this volume puts Lewis in his rightfully dominant place in the American labor movement—to think of him as a lone wolf is to miscast him. He is a power, not only in the industry which he periodically brings to a standstill by a drop of the handkerchief; although his miners come first and he seems to ignore the effects of his actions on other unions, Lewis still wields a tremendous direct influence on both AFL and CIO.

There are a few passing references to John L.'s personal ambitions, but otherwise Mr. Alinsky presents a rounded portrait of a battler who is second to few in thinking on his feet. His sallies, his quotations from Scripture and from ancient and English literatures have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

developed into an imposing legend. For those who have not read the succession of Lewis remarks that continually finds its way into the papers there are plenty of passages here to testify to his florid eloquence.

The basis of the Lewis power is his own union of a half million members, behind him almost to a man. Their whole-souled support derives both from the arduous and precarious character of their daily work and the gains in wages, hours, benefits and (to a tragically lesser extent) advances in protection of life and limb Lewis has won for them over the years. There Mr. Alinsky stands on the most solid ground.

It is the harsh way he characterizes adversaries who have crossed the Lewis path (although not Franklin D. Roosevelt), the ease with which he explains John L.'s absolute domination over his own union and his contention that the Lewis tactic has been a good thing for the government and the American people that thrust this book in the direction of special pleading. It is skilfully and entertainingly done.

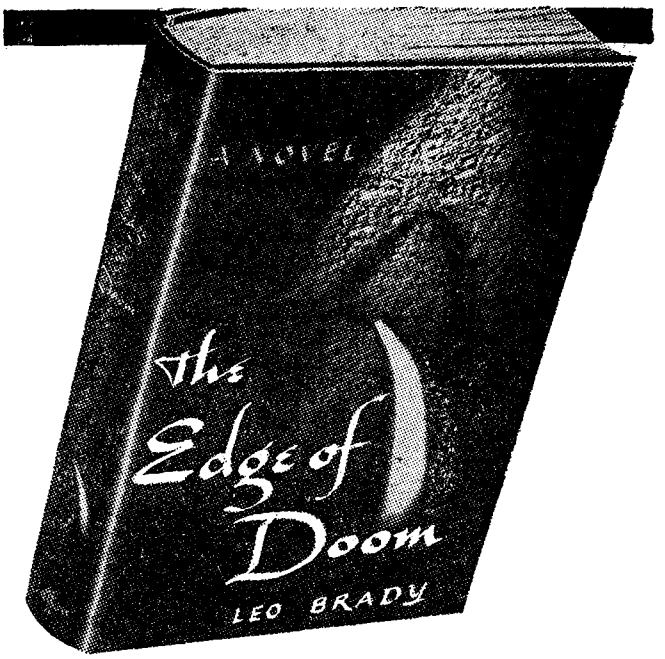
EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

The Conquerors. Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday. $4.00.

MR. COSTAIN comes to the point in his first sentence: "There is no need for another history of England unless it can be given popular appeal." The best-selling novelist openly declares for the same sort of thing in his new field as that which proved such a success in the old, and there can be little doubt that he will obtain it.

Nevertheless I have my reservations with regard to his performance, as I have also with regard to his novels, in whose dexterity I admit, as in the case of this initial excursion into history, I can find a good deal to praise. The book is orderly and has a fund of information of the kind that does not usually appear in works of this category. Color and vivacity are here, and I certainly do not consider them faults, for even historians are (or should be) writers, and writers are, almost by definition, people who hope to be read. As against the professional historians, who are sure to attack this book, I am willing to defend it, at any rate for its claim of a right to avoid the usual stuffy manner. I also commend it for a fairer treatment of Catholic issues—particularly as regards the quarrels between Henry II and Thomas à Becket and King John and Pope Innocent III—than is usual among the top-lofty professionals.

Having said as much, however, I must register a few animadversions of my own. I do not particularly object to the fact that King John gets a rather disproportionate amount of space, for though a bad man and a disastrously bad ruler, he was an interesting person in himself—much more so than the coldly efficient William the Conqueror or that boy-scout hero, Richard the Lion Heart. My objections are of two main sorts: one is that Mr. Costain's efforts to be interesting at all costs are a little too strained and obvious; the other is that those efforts are not always successful. It boils down to this: Mr. Costain, though he has great competence, does not



"Gripping"

"A well-told, gripping tale of guilt, pursuit and retribution . . . the dialogue is convincing, the situation clear-cut, the pace lean and taut."

—REV. H. C. GARDINER, S.J., *America*

"Amazing"

"An amazing novel. . . . The theme is universal." —DR. DANIEL A. POLING

"Vivid"

"'One of the most vivid, powerful and faultlessly written books in a decade."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

The Edge of Doom

by LEO BRADY

Watch for the forthcoming motion picture made from this book by Samuel Goldwyn.

At all bookstores $3.00

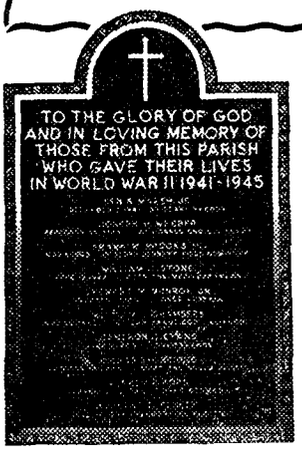
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREFERRED for QUALITY

by the Clergy from Coast to Coast

EVERYWHERE—NEWMAN *Bronze Tablets are praised for unsurpassed craftsmanship. "I am greatly pleased with the beauty and expert craftsmanship. Your price is most reasonable," says Fr. Oswald Gasper, Quincy, Ill.*



NEWMAN
CAST BRONZE
PLAQUES

Handsomely hand - chased, exquisitely finished, but cost no more. BUY WITH CONFIDENCE . . . DEDICATE WITH PRIDE. These memorials are crafted by America's foremost artisans.

FREE Tablet folders and best prices. Write TODAY. *Positively no obligation.*

NEWMAN BROTHERS, Inc.

OUR 67th YEAR

DEPT. C-W CINCINNATI 3, OHIO

PARCELS FOR HUNGARY

Have you made your Christmas budget? By any means include a charity package. Hungary has safe and speedy delivery to needy families. Please ask for a name, and shipping directions, from

THE SOCIAL MISSION SISTERS

227 E. 72nd Street New York 21, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF SACRED THEOLOGY

for Sisters and Lay-women
SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, NOTRE DAME
Box 11, Holy Cross, Indiana

Prerequisites: A degree of Bachelor of Arts
A reading knowledge of Latin

IMMACULATA JUNIOR COLLEGE
Washington, D. C.

An accredited Catholic Institution for Women. Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods. Resident and Day Students. 2 year transfer course in Liberal Arts. Terminal courses in Home Crafts, Secretarial Science, General, Fine Arts.

SEMINARY—Four Year College Preparatory.
Dunblane Hall—Grades 1 to 8. Address: The Secretary.

always show good taste and judgment, and his literary style is far from equal to the task he has attempted. So liable is he to slip into such banalities as "putting no reliance in that possibility" and "an effort to effect a settlement" (both on page 8) that by counter action he deliberately sprinkles his pages with odd or obsolete words which oblige the conscientious to rush to the encyclopedia or the dictionary to dig out his meaning. Again to take a sample page (138): on it he has "skilla" and "mixtum" and "stype" and "pantler" and "mark and moor." Some of his expressions baffle me, and though I can figure out "mark and moor" as embracing settlements of people and waste lands, I do not have the faintest idea of what "pigment" is (in the sense in which he uses it), except that it was evidently some sort of a drink. So also with the chapter on Richard the Lion Heart entitled "Melech-Ric": I infer from the one occasion that the word occurs that it was the name by which the Arabs knew that warrior.

This, like so much else, strikes me as affectation, however open I may lay myself to the charge of ignorance by the confession. So also is it affectation to call the wife of Henry I, "good Queen Mold" instead of Matilda, unless it was to distinguish her from the widow of the Emperor Henry V, who became Queen of England later in her own right. It astonishes me that a former editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the author of a series of eagerly devoured novels should throw such difficulties in his readers' way. Rather it would astonish me were I not sure that Mr. Costain knows better than I what his immense public likes, and that (as I suspect) he knows that he has to cover up his stylistic deficiencies by eccentric devices.

Some of the merits of the book I have mentioned, along with what are, I think, legitimate reasons for irritation. Whatever may be alleged against Mr. Costain—the stressing of detail, however insignificant, merely because it is picturesque, and a too selective treatment of his subject—it must be said that this man knows how to tell a good story. Something more is needed from a historian than that, but that also is needed and it is abundantly supplied here. THEODORE MAYNARD.

Jane Austen. Elizabeth Jenkins. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $4.00.

THE revival of Jane Austen's fiction has brought out a considerable body of critical and biographical studies about this novelist. Miss Jenkins's large volume is a full-fledged biography and a book of criticism as well. Though she tells substantially nothing new, she has performed a useful service in pulling all loose threads together, giving as faithful a portrait of the woman as the relatively meager material will allow and at the same time providing an adequate background against which the elusive personality of Jane Austen moves, thinks and observes.

There was never a time, as Miss Jenkins tells us, when Jane Austen's work was altogether unrecognized.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She justly attributes the repeated revivals of the novels, and specifically their present popularity, to her use of the English language, for "she possessed, through a happy circumstance of art and chance, a style composed of those elements of language which do not date." Miss Jenkins pertinently adds that those writers of today who make use of an extreme, up-to-date vocabulary will sound old-fashioned beside the conversation of Emma Woodhouse and Mr. Knightley.

On the score of Jane Austen's language and style Miss Jenkins has a great deal that is pertinent to say, for it is in this, and in her remarkable powers of observation and gentle humor, that the novelist's genius consists. She quotes Macaulay's words about Milton: "There would seem at first to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment." Jane Austen, the critic avers, "uses a perfectly simple sentence, stating a commonplace fact; none of the words in it is beyond the scope of daily conversation; but used by her they have an evocative power entirely unsuspected." Something is to be said, too, of Jane Austen's impeccable sense of decorum, of the fitness of things, which has made David Cecil remark that she was the one writer, and the only one, whose social disapproval he would not care to incur.

Authentic Janeites know all this, of course; Miss Jenkins's critical biography is a fitting book for all potential Janeites, and to such it may be heartily recommended.

JOHN COURNOS.

The Big Cage. Robert Lowry. Doubleday. $3.00.

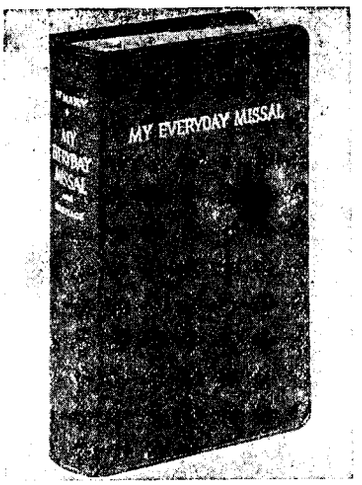
RICHARD BLACK, the hero of this first-person novel, is an oversized, shaggy youth who looks suspiciously like the young author frowning fiercely at us from the jacket-cover. Richard, born in 1920, is of an age with Robert; he is a writing-man, or rather writing-boy (the book ends abruptly when he is about nineteen), and a native Midwesterner (Cincinnati), like the author himself.

It would seem that Robert Lowry, who has written well in the past, has here, rather sadly, attempted a portrait of the artist as a young man; more than that, the artist as a mewling infant in the crib, which is where we first meet him. "I lay there in my baby bunk and looked up at whatever came over me: hands, a mirror, a white blob that with the days' passing became a face. They changed my diapers twelve times a day and let me drink the good milk of my mother's breast. . . ."

From there on in, the author labors through a familiar routine. The first precocious sex comes just two pages later. Then the vague stirrings toward self-expression. In practically record time, we find him buried in thousands of sheets of typewritten foolscap, a bit of boyish soul sticking to each. By the time Richard is big enough for grown-up sex, the reader is more than a little bored with him. Even the adulterous cross-country hitch-hiking trip which he undertakes in the company of a weird female he met in college is more dreary than prurient. From it Robert learns about life. Here are some of his

BENZIGER BROTHERS, Inc.

MISSALS



Church History of Every State
More than 150 Pictures
Over 50 Symbols
The Mass for Every Day
Printed in Red and Black

A General Church History
A Simplified Catechism
Liturgical Notes
Cross-indexed
A Missal for Every Day

ST. MARY MY EVERYDAY MISSAL AND HERITAGE

By the Monks of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J.

A specially prepared Missal by American liturgists. Psalm parts are in Latin and English. Prayer parts are in English. Liturgical meaning for each Sunday. Brief biography for each Saint. Special Masses for feast days in Religious Orders. Masses for Forty Hours, First Fridays, Marriages and Funerals. Liturgical exhortations, catechetical instruction, prayers and devotions. 1382 pages 4" x 6½". Cloth $4. Gold edge $7.50. Leather $8.50. Best Morocco $15. OTHER MISSALS—The New Roman Missal. By Father Lasance. Latin and English throughout. 1852 pp., 4½"x6½". Cloth $6. Im. Lea. $8.50. Lea. $11.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, Inc.

Printers to the Holy Apostolic See and the Sacred Congregation of Rites

26-28 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

BOSTON • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • SAN FRANCISCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Do You Feel?

If you have a headache it will occur to you to take an aspirin. Millions of people in the missions seem to have headaches! We can send them aspirin at a very low rate, excellent quality. Send us $10 and we will send 15,000 aspirin tablets to the missions. The next time you have a headache think of this please. Send your Check to

THE CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD

10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

COMMONWEAL

Christmas Gift Subscription Rates

1 SUBSCRIPTION	$7.00
2	11.50
3	15.00
4 OR MORE, EACH.....	4.50

Above rates apply for U. S., Canada and Latin America . . . other countries $1.00 extra

discoveries: "I can't be a writer first and a man afterwards . . . only when I see that life is something more than an excuse for literature will I really be ready to make literature from life . . . It's life, not art, that has to be lived."

"What a long time it had taken me to discover these few simple truths!" he says on the last page. Amen, says the dogged reader, how right you are. JOHN COGLEY.

The Royal Highway (El Camino Real). Edwin Corle. Bobbs Merrill. $4.00.

THE long road that linked the twenty-one Franciscan Missions of California, El Camino Real, the Royal Highway, started as a tenuous trail for explorers and priests plodding their way through a strange land. Today U.S. Highway 101 follows that trail with astonishing fidelity. The story of the transition from trail to highway is one that takes in a great deal of the history of California.

Edwin Corle has taken excellent advantage of this fact to give the reader not only the story of the road itself but also a general view of California's history that should lead to further explorations into other roads and other territories in the colorful saga of the Golden State. Nearly all the events of pre-gold-rush California occurred along the King's Highway, and Corle is at his best in his record of the early explorations and the establishment of the road itself. His story is swift and readable, too flippant at times, too sketchy at others, but always interesting and provocative.

One regrets, for instance, that he leans so heavily on the testimony of Laperouse, no friend of the Missions, without counterbalancing with Vancouver's observations. He makes no attempt to be objective about figures he does not admire, and John C. Fremont, for whom he has practically no use whatever, comes in for some pretty rough treatment, a good deal of which was fairly well deserved. However, Mr. Corle's method, which at times smacks more of the Sunday supplement than the sober historian, is to call a spade a spade (though there are times when one feels further investigation might show it to be a shovel) and to lead his reader into further study of the events and people he writes about.

JAMES L. DUFF.

• REVIEWERS •

Waldemar GURIAN is a professor of political science at the University of Notre Dame and editor of the *Review of Politics.*

Theodore MAYNARD, biographer and poet, is the author of a current biography of Henry VIII.

John COURNOS is a critic and short story anthologist.

James L. DUFF is poetry editor of the Los Angeles *Tidings.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational Directory

COLLEGES—WOMEN—ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Library Science. Library School accredited by American Library Association. Foreign Study Branch for Junior Year Abroad at Fribourg, Switzerland.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For information address the Registrar.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of The Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

NEW YORK

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, Pedagogy. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Campus bordering Hudson River. One-half hour from Grand Central, New York City. Write for Bulletin L.

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS—OHIO

GILMOUR ACADEMY

Gates Mills (Cleveland), Ohio. A Resident Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in the picturesque Chagrin Valley in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course offered. Classes limited to 15 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt C.S.C., Headmaster.

RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narragansett Bay. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address the Secretary.

NEW JERSEY

DELBARTON SCHOOL

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

DELAWARE

ARCHMERE

Catholic preparatory school for boys under the Norbertine Canons. Fully accredited. High academic standards. High school only. Small classes. Resident or day. Limited enrollment. All sports. Gym. Catalog. Very Reverend Headmaster, Box 67-H, Claymont, Delaware.

COLLEGES—MEN—WISCONSIN

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin. Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Courses offered in Liberal Arts, Business Administration, Journalism, Engineering, Law, Speech, Dentistry, Medicine, Nursing, Graduate School. Write to Director of Admissions for further information.

PENNSYLVANIA

KING'S COLLEGE

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. (Affiliated with the University of Notre Dame.) A liberal Arts and Science college for men, conducted by the Priests of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Majors in Economics, Education, English, History, Journalism, Foreign Languages, Accounting, Biology, Chemistry. Address the Registrar.

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 10c a word. 75c a line for display copy. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

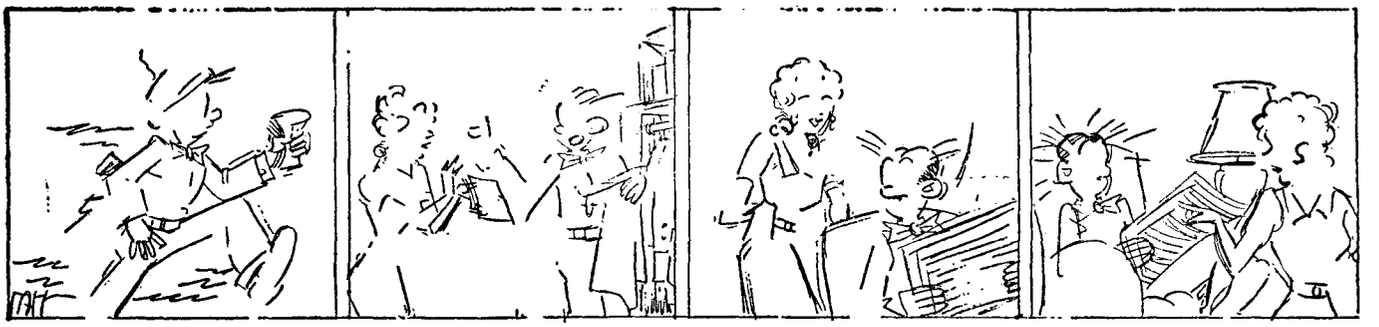
IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

CHRISTMAS MAILING

★ SHOP AND MAIL EARLY!
Letters and parcels for distant points should be deposited by December 10. Greeting cards for local delivery should be mailed by December 15. Use of zone numbers in addresses is also requested by the Post Office.

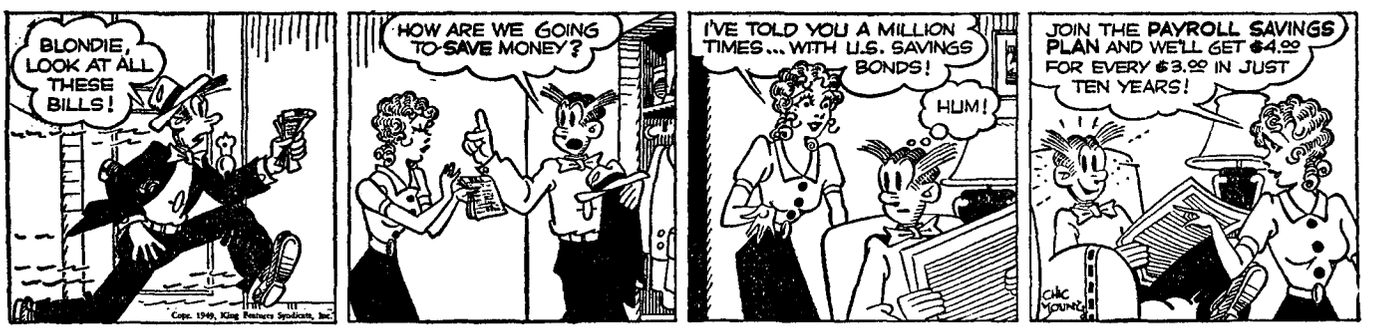
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This is how Chic Young, the cartoonist, makes a first rough sketch for the famous strip.

BLONDIE, LOOK AT ALL THESE BILLS!
HOW NICE WE GOING TO SAVE MONEY?
I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES.. WITH U.S. SAVINGS BONDS!
JOIN THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN. AND WE'LL GET $4.00 FOR EVERY $3.00 IN JUST TEN YEARS.

Then when each panel in a strip meets his approval, he makes a careful pencil rendering as above.


BLONDIE, LOOK AT ALL THESE BILLS!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO SAVE MONEY?
I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES... WITH U.S. SAVINGS BONDS!
HUM!
JOIN THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN AND WE'LL GET $4.00 FOR EVERY $3.00 IN JUST TEN YEARS!
Copr. 1949, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
CHIC YOUNG

After this, the pencil rendering is carefully inked in, as you see here.

STEP BY STEP...

that's the way it's done successfully!

AS YOU CAN SEE, Chic Young, who draws the popular "Blondie" comic strip, goes through many steps to arrive at a finished cartoon.

And, cartoonist Chic Young, together with millions of other smart Americans, will tell you that the step-by-step method is the easiest, surest way of doing anything worth while.

Particularly, saving money.

One of the easiest and surest ways to set aside any worth while amount of money is to buy United States Savings Bonds the step-by-step method—

So set aside a *regular* amount week after week, month after month, year after year. Then in 10 short years you will have a mighty nice nest egg tucked away for you and your family.

Get started now. Get your Bonds through Payroll Savings or at your bank or post office.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED